SONGS AND FINALE,

IN THE

SHEPHERDESS

OF

CHEAPSIDE.

A MUSICAL FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

NOW PERFORMING AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL,
DRURY-LANE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR E. COX, GREAT QUEEN-STREET,
LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS, 1796.

[Price Six-pence.]

Harding D615

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Belford,	Mr. C. Kemble.
Monſieur L'Urbane,	Mr. Wewitzer.
Squire Sturdy,	Mr. Wathen.
Stingo,	Mr. R. Palmer.
Muddle,	Mr. Suett.
Diaper,	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Treſpaſs,	Mr. Caulfield.
Dick,	Mr. Trueman.
Sam,	Mr. Evans.
Waiters, &c.	

Miſs Indigo,	Miss Pope.
Letitia,	Signora Storace.
Mary,	Miss. Mellon.

The SCENE lies in a Village diſtant from London.

SONGS and FINALE, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE. A Room in Miſs INDIGO's Houſe.

RONDEAU. LETITIA.

OH! when the favor'd youth you love
In whiſpers tells his amorous pain;
And, when his tender paſſion to reprove,
Alas! you ſtrive to frown in vain:

Then think my heart, ſo like your own,
Cannot from Cupid's wiles keep free;
For there the tyrant has his throne,
And, as you ſigh, Oh! pity me.

Your

Your Swain muſt be, dear Aunt I know,
Some Shepherd piping in the ſhade :
I prefer Cupid as a Beau,
With *jantee* air and ſmart cockade.

Oh ! when the favor'd youth you love
In whiſpers tells his amorous pain ;
And, when his tender paſſion to reprove,
Alas ! you ſtrive to frown in vain.

Tho' you affect a rural Swain,
Yet London love's the ſelf-ſame pain.

Oh ! when the favor'd youth you love
In whiſpers tells his amorous pain ;
And, when his tender paſſion to reprove,
Alas ! you ſtrive to frown in vain.

Then think my heart, ſo like your own,
Cannot from Cupid's wiles keep free ;
For there the tyrant has his throne,
And, as you ſigh, O ! pity me.

SCENE.

SCENE. A Lawn before Miſs Indigo's Houſe.

SONG. LETITIA.

I.

Do I not truly tell you—ſay
Repondez moi Monſieur François,
Did I not then diſcover,
Whene'er you turned a ſtifled ſigh,
An amorous look ſtole from your eye?
Voyez comme ça Monſieur François,
And marked you for a Lover.
Then as you paced the mazy dance,
Oft did I watch the ſtolen glance.
Yes, yes, *Monſieur François,*
Repondez s'il vous plait.

Miron-ton, Miron-ton, &c.

II.

Then when a rival City Beau,
Attendez donc Monſieur Francois

Declared

Declared himſelf a Lover;
How love and rage did *balancer*,
With angry looks you cried *chaſſez*;
With paſſion thus—*comme ça*, juſt ſo,
No *Politeſſe* could cover.
Then as he paced the mazy dance,
Oft did I watch the ſtolen glance.
Yes, yes—*Monſieur François*,
Repondez s'il vous plait.

Miron-ton, &c.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE. A Room in Mifs Indigo's Houſe.

SONG. LETITIA.

Every new caprice purſuing,
Say, muſt I ſtill perplex your life?
Will you perſiſt in your undoing,
And will you madly venture on a wife?

Two tedious years my hand deſiring,
Of all my foibles tho' aware;
Not all my whims your patience tiring,
Boldly take me, if you dare!

When in the chace of faſhion,
All your counſel ſcorning;
I court dear diſſipation,
Remember then this warning.

Every new, &c.

SCENE. Another Room in Miſs Indigo's Houſe.

SONG. DIAPER.

I.

To the groves, to the ſtreams I'll repair,
To the winds I will utter my pain;
All the day will I wander in air,
Except when it happens to rain.

In idleneſs Lovers delight,
Without work, thus ſhall time wear away;
I'll think of my nymph all the night,
And I'll pipe and make noſegays all day.

II.

II.

Theſe noſegays I form for my dear,
O'er the daiſies and buttercups weep;
And her name, when my fleeces I ſhear,
In red letters I'll paint on each ſheep.
My flock, then ye ſheep-ſtealers ſpare,
From their tails, oh! your fingers remove;
For their backs bear the name of my Fair,
And the wool is all ſacred to Love.

SCENE. A Lawn before Miſs Indigo's Houſe, which is illuminated.

FINALE.

LETITIA.

Then, hey for glee,
Let's merry, merry be,
And the ſprightly Song our paſtimes crown;
Let the theme of joy,
Each voice employ,
'Till the ſound ſhall reach great London Town.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

Then hey for glee, &c.

LETITIA.

To Arcadia hall,
You are welcome all,
Our Shepherdeſs your welcome tells;
With your applauſe,
Support our cauſe,
And join the peal of our merry bells.

CHORUS.

Then hey for glee &c.

THE END.